

Jamie O'Neal F/ Mark Wills**"Paper Chase *"**

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[* modelled after MC Lyte's 'Paper Thin']

(If you know the song, sing along)

[J. Sands]

Ah

Yo

1-2

3 to the 4

Ah

Yo, 5 to the 6

Lone Catalysts, check this

Ah

Yo

When you say you emcee, it doesn't matter

It goes through my head as just chit-chatter

Tryin to front like the Don Juan thug

I pull the plug at the club that you rock at

You need to drop that (oooohhh...)

Mic, give it to the professionals, Lone Catalysts

Ill strategists, steppin to this could be hazardous

To your health, put your DJ up on a shelf

Let him rest a minute till my man Rawls is finished

Put down the Cristal bottle and stop drinkin

That dream is over, ye yacht is sinkin

What you thinkin, I snuff you out while you're blinkin

Strike quickly, swiftly, J. Rawls, hit me

Once, twice, I'm nothin nice with the vocal

Throwin low blows, leavin my tag on your logo

It's only right, rhymes get tossed like phoney dice

Under pressure, I come through like Tony Rice

Breakin down your offense over a four-bar sequence

Beat your shadow, the ill delinquent who keep your
fleet tense

In a rhyme combat, embedded tracks

And melt the wax from raps that attack

Kamikaze like the Japs

Niggas too close just move back

Gotta breathe better, dark skies and cold weather

's all I see in Pittsburgh, but yo, back to the discussion

If it wasn't meant to be, you know, it just wasn't

Just ask my cousin, he probably laced about a dozen
Chickens in your fortress, a metamorphosis, a change
Go from J. Sands to Jermaine, play the game with the
devil
Stocks and bonds, another level
To make cream, hands stay clean like ????
Been a dream ever since I was the age of 13
(Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Hihhehe...)
Sucker, you missed, aimin that mic at MC J. Sands
We're the Lone Catalysts, is your name Sam?
Cause if it is, step off or get your windpipe tossed
Grab your coat and your scarf and just call it a loss
And hit the road, Sam
And you don't you come back no more, no more, no
more, no more
Hit the road, Sam, and don't you come back no more
Check it out
Now I take precaution when I diss an MC
If it's a crew it makes no difference to me
Then maybe I'll flip on the fifth or sixth
Rhyme that I kick - like this
Cause the rhyme that doesn't flip is so incomplete
And maybe - Rawls will give you a beat
You can write your own rhymes, just practise a little
It's so simple, unlike a riddle
It's as easy as countin to 1-2-3
In other terms: letters L-o-n-e
C-a-t-a-l-y-s to the t is how he be
Yo check it
MC J. Sands checkin out
Special dedication
To my DJ J. Rawls
(*ad libs*)

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